

# Spartan Still Alive

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Summary: Six was dead. Six should have been dead but she isn't. With the help of an unlikely soldier and others she might get off of Reach. Or is a plan all in vain with Covenant still around the planet. Spartan Sara-B312 is going to bring hell to the Covenant no matter what. \*Cover image is not owned by me. Figured I should put that after all this time.

## 1. Chapter 1

Halo Reach: Still Alive

### Chapter 1

#### Blind Luck

Reach has fallen. The Pillar of Autumn had escaped with Cortanna and the Covenant was after it. Word aboard was that the last of Noble Team, Noble Six, was killed after successfully defending the Pillar of Autumn. No one knew she was still alive but only barely. The Covenant had slaughtered the last of the UNSC and ODS ground troops and left the area where the Autumn had left. Nothing but the wind blowing and fires crackling were heard. Covenant corpses and vehicles were strung far and wide having been demolished and slaughtered by the dying Noble member.

Noble Six was bleeding in her suit, internally, and was slowly fading quickly as she thought, "This is where it ends. I'll see you all soon." Jorge, Kat, Carter, Jun, Emile it was fun."

Her short cut black hair blew slightly in the breeze as the light started to fade from her emerald green eyes. Her suit, even with the shield down, had deflected most of the plasma damage but couldn't deflect the Elite's energy dagger and swords. Six started coughing up blood and trembling slightly, going into shock. She never heard the slight sounds of metal scratching coming from the small building as a

figure climbed out of the floor. It just as quickly replaced the floor piece and got into a crouching position.

The figure stepped out of the ruined structure slowly with a DMR at the ready. His helmet scanned the area before it picked up the slight signature from Six. He made his way to the Spartan and slowly crouched by her side.

Holstering the DMR he said, "You're still alive. C'mon lets go."

He put his arms under her legs and under her back then lifted and slowly walked to the ruined building.

He only stopped when he saw an ODST themed helmet with a silver and red color scheme matching that of the armor of the Spartan. He picked it up and kept moving.

The stranger stopped over a tile in the building, keeping his eyes away from the dead UNSC soldiers before tapping it with his boot. It made a slight hollow noise.

"E-Emile?" Six gurgled out before more blood dripped from her mouth.

Six only saw a black and red Spartan with a different emblem in gold on his shoulder before blacking out.

Noble Six's rescuer was indeed a fellow Spartan super soldier but not her deceased ally Emile. He was 6'5" and was in black and red armor with an emblem that had a skull with a sword through it on his shoulder in gold. He lifted the false tile out of the ground quietly before going, picking up Noble Six's cracked helmet, putting it on her head, and then lifting her up on his right shoulder.

"Not today Spartan, not today. What the hell went on out here?" Spartan asked as he balanced himself on the ladder and her on his shoulder then climbed down and replaced the faux tile.

He continued his ascension down the ladder for about 25 more yards before reaching a bottom level. He sprinted down a single hallway before stopping at a blast door. After multiple kicks, a UNSC soldier and an ODST trooper finally slid the door open.

"Back already? Wait damn is he even alive?" the ODST trooper asked.

"Barely, where's Doctor James?"

"Over checking Maryse's leg again" the trooper replied following the Spartan as the UNSC soldier struggled to get the door closed.

"I'm not deaf Sergeant Aster, what is this about another Spartan?" a man in a white but dirt stained coat asked.

"I found her as soon as I was outside. She has plasma damage that has been deflected mostly by her armor and a very serious energy sword wound. I couldn't see a single Covenant around." Aster replied.

"Lay him down here. You are going to have to help me here because I can't do anything about the armor." Doctor James ordered.

Aster explained as he laid Six down, "No need for the suit to come off. Get some biofoam from the medical supplies and we'll be good. Oh and docâ€|he's a she."

Aster pulled Six's helmet off and a slight jingling was heard as her head was laid back down.

"That's a lot of dog tags. Why does she have so many?" the ODST trooper asked handing Aster the biofoam.

Aster took his own helmet off, showing a reddish brown hair and hazel eyes, as the doctor took her pulse.

"Get that biofoam in her now captain. I don't know how to treat a Spartan!" the doctor said urgently.

Aster looked over the chest plate for the spot to insert biofoam into armor then stuck the needle in.

"Give me another quickly!"

The trooper gave him another and he stuck it in as well. Noble Six immediately arched her as the surge of medicine shot into her. The doctor checked her pulse again.

"Nothing" he said.

He kept his fingers on her neck before saying, "Wait. I think I got somethingâ€|but it's faint."

"Let's keep an eye on her pulse. We sure need another Spartan." Aster remarked. He took the dog tags from Noble's neck and finished, "Let's not have her join her allies yet."

A few hours passed before someone spoke up.

"Whose dog tags are those?" a Latino woman in UNSC soldier garbs asked.

Aster looked down at the four he took, "The top one says Warrant Officer Emile-A239, Commander Carter-A259, Lieutenant Commander Catherine-B320, Chief Warrant Officer Jorge-052, and Lieutenant Sara-B312. That means our unknown Spartan is the sixth member of Noble Team Vasquez: Lieutenant Sara."

"That team we kept hearing about on the radio before we had to shut it down so Covenant wouldn't find us?" Vasquez asked.

The Spartan replied, "The same team. Last I heard though was their heavy weapons specialist gave his life to destroy a Covenant cruiser only for a whole fleet to come in and ruin the victory and their tech specialist was shot by a sniper while the team tried to escape to a bunker. I don't know what happened to Commander Carter or Warrant Officer Emile and the only one I can remember that isn't K.I.A is reservist Rosenda-334 and the group's sniper Warrant Officer Jun-A266."

"If that's what happened to one of the top Spartan teams of the UNSC then how are we going to survive up there if there are any Covenant

up their? We are only two privates, a commander, an ODS1 grunt, three civilians, and one Spartan! The Covenant took out a Grade A group and we are a rag tag band of survivors strand-â€¦" a short male soldier was saying before getting interrupted by a slap in the face from the equal height Latino soldier.

"Get it together Shepard! I am not going to hear this from even a private in the UNSC. You are a soldier, a tech geek but still a soldier! Now if you aren't going to say anything to help then keep that trap shut so we can think of something." Jessica Vasquez shouted.

The woman had light brown skin, black hair tied in a ponytail, and icy blue eyes. She had a tough attitude for a private and was the perfect example of an assault specialist. The man she slapped was Private Glen Shepard, a 5'8" Caucasian male with blonde, buzzed hair and hazel eyes. He was the tech specialist in his squad.

"Lock it down, we don't need any quarreling only plan thinking. We don't have just one Spartan now but two Pvt. Shepard, and a member of Noble Team as well. Lieutenant Tolsen, do you have any input? You can at least take your helmet off. Since we've met you haven't taken it off."

The two private's commander, Jack Traynor, was a man of 6'5" and a solid frame with blue eyes and brown, buzzed hair. He addressed the ODS1 trooper Riley Tolsen, a sniper in his ODS1 squad with a 6'1" frame and brown, curly hair with blue eyes under the helmet he wore.

"I don't follow what you ask Commander. Mine was killed so I'm following Sergeant Aster-C284 over there." Riley replied taking his helmet off. "But I do think we should follow what the Sergeant was trying to do before he came back down with Noble Six."

"We might revise that a little. It was Covenant carnage out there. This Noble member is not someone who you piss with because she killed almost a hundred before she was in the state I found her in. She is a lone wolf to the end it seems but that might change if she's fine." Aster explained.

Doctor James tapped Aster on the shoulder plate, "Sergeant, the Lieutenant is stirring. Her pulse is normal and she seems fine."

"Thank you."

Aster walked up over to the table with the dog tags and helmet in hand. He saw Noble Six's head stirring. He shook her slightly and her eyes shot open. She delivered a swift punch into Aster's armor knocking even him back and shot to her feet. She shoved the doctor back, making him fall and roll backwards, and delivered a big kick to Aster. He reacted by tackling her and causing them both to go over and tip the table Six had been on. The four soldiers had their assault rifles out as they made their way to try and aid Aster.

"Don't shoot!" he shouted as he held six off by the shoulders.

Vasquez holstered her rifle and ran over applying a chokehold on the 6'0" female Spartan who stood up and flipped the soldier over with enough force that knocked her out. This bought enough time for Aster to lock the Spartan in a full nelson against the wall. He had to struggle himself to keep Six from breaking free.

"Lieutenant Sara Baxter stop moving! Stop moving Spartan-B312, stop struggling! You are safe and alive!"

Glen Shepard was checking the barely stirring Vasquez while Traynor and Tolsen had their assault rifles pointed at Noble Six.

Aster continued calmly, "I'm going to let you go now. Do not kill anyone, we are not Covenant."

Aster let go of the full nelson and backed off. Sara Baxter spun around still ready to fight even though she was clutching her stomach. Her eyes moved back and forth between Aster and the soldiers like an animal backed against the wall.

She felt around her neck quickly then asked angrily, "Where are the dog tags, where are the dog tags?"

Aster tried to calm her down, "Its okay Lieutenant. I have yours and Noble Team's dog tags. We were seeing who they were and had them in case you didn't pull through. All we could do to help you was put two shots of biofoam into you and hope you didn't crash. Settle down and let us explain.

Noble Six stood against the wall after Aster returned her helmet and the multiple dog tags. He told who himself, the four soldiers, and the three civilians were. The other two civilians with the doctor were 32 year old Maryse Linhart and her 15 year old son Shawn. Maryse had red hair, a small 5'6" frame, and green eyes. Her son was 5'9", had blonde, and green eyes.

"The three soldiers were part of a larger squad assigned with this ODSST troopers and three others to escort civilians. I got assigned to help. When we got to the landing pad, Covenant banshees attacked. We escaped but not without having to push through an attack. We lost soldiers and civilians before we were picked up. We got as far as the valley around the Pillar of Autumn before a giant bug robot of theirs hit us. We crashed landed and continued on foot. Jackals and these weird bug things attacked us and that's when our ODSST friend's commander stayed behind to give us cover." Aster explained.

The female Spartan eyed the bunker around them after putting on the dog tags before asking, "What is this bunker?"

"I read about there being these bunkers for emergencies and launch testing as seen by the computers, food, water, and weaponry down here. When we got here there was shooting from the main base and we were in the area of this shack structure. I remembered the safety bunker info I read and we started looking. It was the only thing we could do besides get into the fighting. In doing this we haven't lost anyone and we managed to re-equip ourselves. That was a few hours before we heard big explosions from even down here. After a few more hours I went up and found you among a Covenant massacre I presume you caused. I brought you down here and three hours later with some biofoam, you try to kill us. That is the short version."

Six looked at her helmet and asked another question, "Now what do you plan on doing. Are there any of those alien bastards around still?"

Riley Tolsen answered, "We don't know. Things are quiet and we haven't gotten a solid enough plan formed. Maybe now that we have two Spartans we can get something together."

Six eyed everyone again as Aster said, "It is in my best intention Lieutenant that we keep everyone safe. That means you, the doc, Maryse and her son, and the soldiers here from dying by Covenant means. I have a new plan that I wouldn't put up if you weren't alive but now I can."

He turned around and continued, "A group is easily spotted. More easily spotted than a single soldier or two. The majority stays down here where there is one way in and one way out while the one or two who go head up to the base and try to find a comms. center. I'm putting myself as that one who goes and anyone can volunteer. It's also the easiest way of telling if any Covenant are around though it is the most dangerous. Most likely there isn't any Covenant except maybe some grunts but we still need to get off of Reach. So who is coming with me?"

No one said anything for a few seconds until the Noble Team member stepped forward holding her helmet, "I'll help you Sergeant. None of Noble Team survived except Jun and I owe you for your help in saving my life. Since there is technically no current team you can call me Sara and I'll call you Aster got it? I never liked formalities."

## 2. Chapter 2

Halo Reach

Spartan Still Alive

Chapter 2

Ghosts aren't Ghosts

"What are you going to do about your helmet?" Aster asked Noble Six as she loaded a DMR and an assault rifle.

Six replied, "The visor is cracked. It would take an engineer with the right materials to fix it."

"Soâ€¦"

"I won't wear it."

"That's going to leave you opened to everything though Lieutenant! The dust out there, explosions, gunfire, and from any falls you might take." Aster protested.

Sara's emerald eyes pierced into him with a sort of determination.

"I have never been annoyed by a caring Spartan before. I don't need the helmet because I don't want it and can't use it anyways. I'm going to be focused on the task at hand so if I die this time then I'll be doing my job as a Spartan and dieing like a soldier."

Aster was silent as he loaded a DMR and sniper rifle. The two got the last bit of equipment they needed: the active camouflage armor add on, two frag grenades each, ammo for their guns, and personal health kits for each of them. Aster called for everyone to come in a "campfire" as he called it for a final meeting.

"Lets summarize" he started, "Me andâ€|Sara, are going to see if there is anything up at the base. We will look for anyone who might be alive, including Covenant, then try and get to a comms relay. It would be suicide but maybe just maybe, there could be someone in range on the planet or within listening range nearby to hear us."

"Question" Vasquez said holding up her hand, "There are three dents in that plan. One what makes you think anyone will even be left on the planet, two how are we going to stay in contact with each other, and three what makes you think there isn't an invasion force still in the damn atmosphere that will hear your radio distress call?"

Doctor James nodded his head, "Pvt. Vasquez has a point there. We don't know if anyone could have survived if they didn't get off with the other evacuations. Her second and third questions tie into each other: Covenant are no doubt still here so what makes you sure they won't find or hear your signal?"

Before Aster responded Noble Six said, "If there are Covenant and they come at us then bet your asses we'll contact you all to help us and not to escape. That is because if they do notice us, they will come down on us like they were invading for a second time. That is how they do things."

Aster was stunned for a second before saying, "Everything seems clear now so I'll make one more thing that is a must. The only time we are going to call you is if we need help. Even if we need it we probably won't call you though because you will have no way to traverse up to the station."

"Then go and get us off this planet Sergeant. You know who you will need to call if you somehow need some plain old soldiers help." Jack Traynor said.

Glen Shepard said nervously, "You know I wouldn't mind going with you but they need people like me to stay here and help protect everyone."

"Lets quit the chit chat and get the door open so we can kick the two Spartans out into the field." Riley said with seriousness in his voice.

Aster put his helmet on and picked up the sniper rifle while holstering his DMR and Six just popped her neck and holstered the assault rifle so she could use her DMR. Vasquez, Riley, Glen, and Jack stood at the large door ready to open it on the Sergeant's orders.

Both Spartans ordered, "Open it now."

The three UNSC marines and one ODS soldier flipped a latch and pulled open the door. Noble Six went through once a crack big enough for her formed and Aster soon followed. The door was soon being closed when the two Spartans were at the base of the ladder.

"I think Sara is like me. She's going to want to knock some of that niceness out of Aster because it may be a good thing but it gets really annoying." Jessica Vasquez said, sliding down to the floor after the door was closed.

Aster climbed up the ladder closely following Six who had pushed her way passed him.

Six pushed the hatch up and climbed out and waited for Aster to follow out and close the hatch before asking, "Hope you weren't trying to stare at my ass on the way up."

Aster finished stomping the hatch back into place before answering through his helmet, "I'm not like that Noble."

"I guess your one decent Spartan. Not many are like that except the ones in Noble Team. Hope you can fight like all of them." Sara answered.

Aster's mask blocked a small smile, "I'll keep that in mind. I'm capable of showing more than what my attitude seems. Lets move out. I guess that it will take at least an hour before we get to the path that goes up to the station."

Sara started walking in the direction she remembered, intentionally curb stomping a dead elite's head in the process. Aster soaked in all the chaos that this one Spartan did hours ago. It was more destruction than what a group of Warthog attack vehicles could do in a few hours. Dust started blowing in the wind as it picked up and made the Spartan cover her eyes.

"Dammit!" she cursed after twenty-five minutes and covering her face with her arm.

"Lets hope Covenant don't start shooting at us now. We're not quite at the strongest when the dust is blowing." Aster said stopping next to Six.

Aster then turned and saw a cluster of buildings in the direction they were going to. He raised his sniper rifle as Noble Six stopped to stare at him. He scanned the area with the help of his scope before bringing his gun down.

"The ridge to the base is about ten minutes from this outpost that I guess will take us about ten minutes to get to after a five minute quick walk through it. It should take about twenty minutes to then get to the station itself." Aster explained.

The dust settled for once and Sara got her eyes cleared before asking, "Guess you're a pretty good guesser then. What about the outpost? Does it look relatively clear?"

"It does seem clear. I can't see anything but that doesn't mean there



isn't a basement with survivors or Jackals behind walls. Guess we'll find out when we get down there." Aster answered.

"Then lets get the hell down there. If there are any Covenant they'll face one pissed off Spartan." Six said before starting off.

The two super soldiers walked the ten minutes to the outpost till they were right next to a derelict cottage. Aster had counted about 20 buildings when he scanned the area. Each one had walls, roofs, ceilings, and windows missing with signs of fighting all around it. There were bullet and fragmentation grenade damage along with plasma damage. Noble Six had to cover her nose from the smell of death that hit her right in her face when the wind blew. It was worse than at the entrance of the hide-away because the corpses around the outpost had to have been sitting in the elements longer.

"Smells like a meat locker mixed with a gym out here." Six said chuckling as she leaned against a wall to look around the corner.

"I'll say. See anything?" Aster responded quietly.

Six nodded as she looked down the other pathways. The only thing the two Spartans saw was Covenant corpses mixed in among UNSC marine corpses. All the bodies were armed so both the soldiers figured they would have ammo and weapons if they needed them.

"We just need to keep going forward right? Lets not stop then." Six said quietly.

The two quickly sprinted and stopped next to the building, waiting to see if they attracted any attention. A shattered window was next to Aster and he cautiously peered into it to make sure there was nothing there but what he saw made him grimace under his helmet.

"Sara look." Aster said.

The two switched spots and Noble Six saw what the other Spartan saw: three human corpses. One marine dead against the wall with two other corpses in his arms protectively: one was that of a teenage girl and the other was of an adult woman.

"Son of a bitch." Six said under her breath.

She peered inside and saw four Covenant jackals. Aster moved around Six and vaulted through the window. He cautiously made his way to the three corpses as the Noble member vaulted in behind him. Aster crouched next to the three and saw a chain in the hand around the teenage girl. He slowly pried the chain out of the hand.

"It's a locket." Aster said while opening the locket.

There was a picture of the three dead people smiling at a camera. Suddenly the two heard a beeping sound coming from the jackals. A deep growling voice was heard and the two froze where they were. It kept talking for a few more seconds before there was an angry shout and it stopped talking. Aster jumped to his feet when a quiet groan was heard. Six made the first move and ran to the Jackal corpses, quickly stomping on the electronic devices on their wrists. She stomped on each of their heads for good measure as well. The two then

waited. They heard the groan sound again but it was just the wind.

"Hmph, who wouldn't be on edge." Aster said quietly.

"There is probably going to be a Covenant group converging on this position soon. These 7 corpses had to recent. I say lets grab their plasma grenades and go."

The two quickly went to the corpses of the Covenant aliens and they each took two grenades and placed them with their frags. Then Aster had an idea.

"Hey Sara think we can use their shields?"

Sara looked at her armor's wrist, "Hmm you knowâ€¦maybe we could. We could probably attach them to our armor."

The Noble fumbled with taking a shield emitter of one of the Jackals then fumbled some more before getting the device on her wrist. "Lets press this button andâ€¦voila!" The alien device turned into a red shield.

Aster got one on his wrist and the two set off. After about another eight minutes they came to a path that led up to the base.

"Well Spartan, lets go." Noble Six said. Aster adjusted his sniper rifle as they walked up the path, careful and cautious of Covenant.

**\*\*In the Bunker\*\***

"Are you sure this is secure to where no damn covies can trace this?" Jessica was asking Glen.

Glen was tinkering with a communications radio and a device on his wrist. "Yes. If I get all of these codes in place and set correctly then we should be able to have radio contact with the Spartans. Just here, add this, mess with this, and nowâ€¦there! Not technically legal but when things have gone to hell I guess that doesn't matter so now we can communicate with the heavy guns."

Jack asked with a worried tone, "Are you sure they can't track this? If they do we are going to be screwed."

"Yes, yes I'm sure! I may not be made for combat but if its one thing I can do is make a secure comms line that a highly advance race of aliens can't break in two secondsâ€¦at least I think."

"That isn't damn helpful you idiot." Jessica replied angrily.

"We have another problem: how are we going to contact the Spartans? I thought they turned their helmet's communications off."

"Yeah" Riley replied, "I made a temporary code that will turn the helmet on with the secure line."

"Why the hell did you join the military? If you can hack a Spartan's helmet, you should have been a criminal." Riley said with a slight chuckle.

"I joined to be a tech expert but they forced me to be the tech man in the squad."

"Just get it done." Jack ordered, "We need to be able to know if they will need us."

Glen started his work on being able to hack the Spartan's helmet as the three civilians looked on. Maryse had suffered a injury from a Covenant needler rifle to the leg. Dr. James, try as he might, couldn't do much with an injury like that. Without proper medical treatment he couldn't do much and she wouldn't be able to walk on the leg very well again. The doctor was taking inventory of the limited medical supplies while Shawn just sat with his hands clasping his mothers.

"Doc what are we going to do if they have to get out of this bunker and make a move on to the Spartans?" Shawn asked.

"I don't know. Probably leave us here maybe cause we can't much your mother's leg, you being only a teenager, and me being only a civilian doctor. We'll only hold them back." Doctor James said. The middle aged man finished checking. "I can't believe this happened, Reach falling? Its unimaginable. So many dead." He ran his hands over his brown hair.

Shawn got up making sure not to wake his mother. He walked up behind the ODST soldier and tapped him on the shoulder The trooper turned around. "Lieutenant Tolsen, I want to learn how to shoot."

"Really kid?"

"Yeah, something at least like your all's handgun. I don't want to be completely useless. I want to kill some of those aliens if they try to kill me again."

Jessica looked up from behind Glen's shoulder, "Might as well show all of them to shoot. Stuff hits the fan and we might need all the guns we can get."

"Fine but I'm not a great teacher."

\*At the two Spartan\*

"So I have a question. What did you think of the Spartan Program like being raised as soldiers with practically only one person caring about us and all. Being raised for nothing but war and killing." Noble Six asked.

"I can tell you I was probably the only Spartan to not get annoyed by Dr. Halsey calling us by our names. I have a serious question for you Sara: Did you know that we were all kidnapped from our actual parents? We were replaced by flash clones which had the tendency to die after a few years cause the cloning process was crap."

"What?!"

Aster took off his helmet, "Yeah. There were four who found out not including me. Two were brought back to service and after the other

two came back they committed suicide. I found out the same way they did except on my own and not with a group. I was liked by Halsey cause somehow even with all the hardcore military training I stayed as one of the nicest Spartans being trained so I managed to convince her to show me my clone, to see if what Daisy said was true. She was very reluctant she finally showed me. I was born in a small town on the planet New Harmony. The flash clone had no mobility from the lower spine down and was deaf in one ear, blind in one eye, had no movement in one arm, and had a bad speech impediment. That was eight years ago. My clone died a month later from brain failure. Though all that time his parentsâ€|or our parents loved him as he was dying. So I guess to answer your question I'm not sure how I feel. I guess I hate it but I alsoâ€|love it in a weird way cause its all I've known. Now answer my question Lieutenant: did I just through a slipspace bomb in your brain?"

Noble Six was at a loss. She had only heard that Daisy-023 and three other Spartans had broken loose while holding Halsey at gunpoint. They were back in a few days. "Yeah that doesâ€|shock me. Never would have guessed that they would kidnap children. That's just damn torture to the parents and to anyone who finds out."

"Yeah so right now lets focus. Sorry I went into some unnecessary monologue there. I tend to do that sometimes."

They only walked up a few more feet when all of a sudden the radio's in both the Spartan's helmets turned on, "Aster, Noble Six do you read?" Glen asked.

"Son of a bitch!" Aster shouted nearly jumping out of his armor. Six pulled both of them to the cliff wall besides them and then the two of them activated their active camo.

"What the hell are you doing!? Are you stupid or something-â€|wait how the hell did you turn on our goddamn helmets!?" Aster growled quietly.

"Aster" Jack said, "Glen assures us that this is secured and the covenant can't get a fix on us. We're going to keep this brief still but we needed to get some way that we could communicate."

"You know how stupid this is? My team member said you can't guarantee secure anymore! That was before the Covenant had taken over reach and before she was shot in the head!" Six whispered into her radio.

"Well we though it best to tell you now we have something in case you need help or we need help okay? We're turning off our end now but all you'll need to do is turn your helmets on to communicate. It will turn on our radio's down here." With that Traynor turned off their communications.

Aster looked at Sara, "Lets move before I end up giving our position or anyone else's away with my shouting."

Six nodded.

**\*\*Somewhere in the base\*\***

"Son of a bitch!"

A grunt on patrol was startled by a shout. It looked around before turning on its own comms to the one field marshal at the human base.

**\*\*In the destroyed outpost\*\***

A single form moved. It moved slowly before falling out of the arms of the corpse that held her. As it opened its eyes it started coughing slowly.

**\*\*On the path\*\***

"Quick active camo and get down!" Six ordered.

The two soldiers activated their armor ability and pushed themselves as close to the cliff wall as they could. A banshee, no doubts doing patrol runs flew by the cliff. It suddenly stopped and floated right next to the cliff in front of the two. Sara and Aster could see, even from behind that it was grumbling in confusion and then started flying towards the outpost. The two made their way to the edge. Six watched the banshee as Aster scanned the buildings.

"They must be looking for that team of jackals." Sara whispered.

Both the soldier's helmets radio's kicked on.

A/N: I am truly sorry this has no action in it nor did the last one have much in it as well. I promise that we will have action (or at least a headshot) in the next when I get to it. Read some more fanfiction and just be patient with me, which I know is terribly hard to do. Thank you!

### 3. Chapter 3

#### Chapter 3

##### Never Been Good With Stealth

A/N: I apologize if this is really lacking and really fast compared to the other chapters. It at least has some action and introduces someone you wouldn't think to be in here and its longer than the others.

"Hey guys check it out! I had an epiphany and decided to see if I could get my secure link work with our radars and guess what? I got it to work." Glen said excitedly.

"Did you see anything?" Jessica asked.

"No that's the thing. I can make it secure in its standard radius. If I make it larger then we may be able to see more but its going to transmit our position, like a big red x on a small ass treasure map. So right now though we don't have anything showing and we can only see a small part, about a few buildings, of the outpost the Lieutenant and Sergeant went to."

Riley finished putting together a magnum and loaded it then gave it

to Shawn to do what he did. He then asked Glen, "Should we check one long range scan at least once?"

Dr. James shook his head, "They would have said something if there was something they saw. No need to risk anything."

"Yeah well I'm having an epiphany as well. Something is not sitting right with me. Call me paranoid but that's just what I think." Riley responded.

Shawn clicked the last piece of the gun into place and loaded it with the clip. He then tapped the ODS Trooper on the shoulder before handing him the gun.

"May I ask something?" Shawn asked. Jack nodded. "If we use the long range scanner we can provide any useful intelligence like if there is anything in the base or if there is going to be a flying patrol."

Everyone looked at the boy before Jessica asked, "Does your long range scan have that range? This kids' on to something."

Glen typed more into the bunker's computer. "Yeah it can cover the portion that Noble Six talked about. Should we you knowâ€|ahâ€|hit it commander?"

Jack thought as he weighed the pros and cons for the choices. He could only think of cons. "Hit it." Traynor said.

Shepard started to get nervous again as he typed in the sequence. The scanner activated and the radar showing a small area expanded to show a clear-cut image of the shipyard base, the outpost, and a half-mile radius. No doubt was in anyone's mind that this was like a fireworks display. Everyone looked as blips appeared in the base. There was two blips on a cliff hill but one that surprised them was a fast moving dot that when zoomed up to showed a banshee.

"That's a rather sizeable amount in there. There's probably some skirmishers, maybe some brutes and hunters, jackals, grunts, and elites to lead them. Hey what's that? Zoom in on that Shepard."

Riley was talking about a dot in the middle of the outpost. The private zoomed in and noticed that it was a person. A person staggering around towards the cliff face and the Banshee was starting right towards it.

"What the hell? That's a human!" Glen cried.

Jessica turned the other private's face to hers, "Turn this fireworks display off and alert the Spartans!"

No one had to tell the tech expert twice. He punched the keys and turned on the two super soldier's radios.

**\*\*At the Spartan's locations\*\***

The two Spartan's helmet radio's clicked on, "Aster, Noble there is a human being down in the outpost! That banshee knows something is there!"

Another voice popped up, "Specialist Tolsen where are you going?"

Sara had a questioning look on her face, "How do they know there is a banshee?"

Aster replied with shock, "I don't know but there IS someone there! Itsâ€|itsâ€|it's that dead teen that we found. The one in the one corpse's arms with the recently killed Jackals."

"Damn it!"

Aster made a judgment move. He lined up the sights of his sniper rifle with the wing of the banshee, "Sara go up to the base. I have a bad feeling they may have alerted the covenant if anything."

"What are you going to do?"

Aster fired the rifle making sure it caught the wing of the Banshee just right. "Go Noble. We are not waiting in this hell hole!"

The Covenant vehicle made a turn around as Six started forward but stopped, "What are we going to do if the plan doesn't work?"

Aster backed up like he was going to run and jump before saying, "The Oly, Oly, Oxen, Free emergency signal!" Then he sprinted forward and leapt towards the alien craft.

As he landed on the front taking shield damage from laser blasts and the impact Six shouted, "Got it!" and ran to the base.

**\*\*Riley\*\***

The trooper had grabbed up his sniper rifle and a shotgun before pulling the door open just too where he could fit through it. He always was stronger than he looked. He was out of the bunker, replaced the faux tile, and was heading down to a partially destroyed garage where he knew he saw a mongoose. If a civilian was still alive, it was his job and mission to get them out of there. Those were his orders and he was going to keep them. That is why he joined the military and the ODST. He found the garage and just like before he found a M274 ULATV Mongoose vehicle next to the Warthog. He leapt on, started it and went in the direction towards the shipyard base.

**\*\*Back to Aster\*\***

Aster landed a single blow with his fist on the elite. Then he grabbed it by the neck and threw him to the side and to his death. Aster then hopped behind the controls and spun just in time to avoid the cliff wall. He flew to where he saw the dead girl "or the alive girl" Aster thought. He saw her and sped towards her. He also saw a cloud of dust coming up. Aster landed right in front of her and she screamed as he swung off his ride and grabbed her.

The girl was about 5'5", 120 pounds, had brown eyes, and brown hair that went down to the base of her neck. She was wearing a green shirt and brown pants, both of which were torn and worn.

"Stop it I'm human! Quiet down now I am a soldier!"

**\*\*Noble Six's position\*\***

Six peered around the corner of a building. The base was definitely hot. A Zealot Field Marshal was nearby giving orders that seemed like they were organizing. She counted five brutes, two of which had gravity hammers, and seven elites, two had energy swords like the leader. He said a final word and the group moved to a Phantom attack and transport carrier that was docked at the landing pad.

Six waited and then looked at the upper buildings. She spotted the one that she had to go through so she could get to the cannon and provide cover for the Pillar of Autumn. That building had the communications center.

"\_I have to sneak in there. Aster may distract them with a banshee but they seem more worked up about something elseâ€|ah well, here we go.\_" Six thought before slowly making her way to the command center.

**\*\*Aster and Riley two minutes later\*\***

"Get yours and her ass back to the bunker!" Aster ordered hoping back on the Alien vehicle. "And Riley on the double but do it safely. I'm seeing an incoming Phantom! Go, Go!"

"Hang on now Lola we are going and I do mean hang on tight! I was the quickest driver in my unit as well as the one who overturned the vehicles the most."

The girl who was about seventeen years old whimpered as Riley gunned the Mongoose. "\_I feel this is all moving to damn fast\_" the trooper thought.

Aster flew up into the air towards the troop carrier and started to unload the heavy plasma cannons at it to draw fire. He ducked around the enemy's even heavier attacks and to the base.

**\*\*In the bunker\*\***

"Things aren't sounding good. Six seems to have gone unnoticed but that radar gave us away real quick." Jessica said.

"This is what I was afraid of. Now when the Lieutenant activates the long range comms she's going to get killed. Tolsen is out there doing whatever."

Jessica added, "There is a Warthog at a trashed garage we passed."

"Vasquez are you insinuating what I think you are?" Glen asked nervously.

"We go up there and help kick the ass."

"You're crazy!"

"No I'm not, I am thinking like a soldier who is feeling trigger



happy and wants to help."

"Lock it down you two. I hate doing this but we are going. We can provide cover and support. With two Spartans we can at least hijack something to get out of here."

Glen grabbed his head, "You can't be serious sir! We have three civilians!"

Jack made his way to the weapons, "We're going. The three of them can make the decision they want to make."

"God damn it all." Glen huffed.

The soldiers went to the weapons, Glen all so reluctantly, to gather what they were going to take. They were going to make sure to take more than what was normally advised because not knowing what a fight was going to be like with the Covenant was bad news. Shawn tapped Vasquez on the shoulder.

"What is it kid?"

"What are we going to do here? Are you going to just leave us without any protection and you all are going to do something where you're sure to die?"

Vasquez finished putting an assault rifle clip in a pack, "Geez well I don't know kid. I'm not liking odds anyways because it always seems that soldiers like us die around Spartans but we can't just go and leave them. God knows what that ODST nut is thinking just bolting outside but it's not my call to go. I want to go and kill these bastards so just ask my superior."

Shawn didn't like how things were coming together: Being left down here with pistols and no soldiers behind a bunker door that could get knocked down by a Brute if it could get down here.

\*Riley\*

The trooper took a turn a little too sharp and nearly tipped causing the girl behind him to squeal.

"So she makes sounds. How's the mystery dead girl and what's your name?"

The girl didn't make any noise but a few whimpers.

Riley sighed, "I'm Riley. I'm an ODST soldier and I'm here to keep you safe. There's some other soldiers and civilians like you in a safe bunker and we have some Spartan super soldiers working on a plan up at the Ship Breaking yards."

He sped up a little when he heard the girl say, "Felicity."

"Huh?" Tolsen asked.

"My name is Felicity."

\*\*the base, ten minutes later\*\*

Aster was flying like a maniac, dodging Phantom blasts and ground fire. Six was out of the battle not even being noticed as she tried to work with the comms array. "Damn it I don't know how to work this thing. Waitâ€¦-oh no you don't you little bastard!" Six cursed and chased after a grunt. She caught up to it and snapped its neck but right behind and elite. It heard the sound and turned but received a plasma burst in the face and was spun around, receiving a killing knife attack to the neck and mouth. She went back to the panel as her radio clicked on.

"This is not going according to plan!" Aster shouted. "I'm coming down to you!"

"How?" Six's question was answered with a loud crash and glass shattering. Aster had driven the banshee right into two brutes and three skirmishers before jumping off at the last minute. His momentum carried him through the windows of the room Sara was in. "You know how to make an entrance don't you." Sara said helping the other soldier up quickly.

"Yeah but have you managed to get this working?" Aster asked pulling out his DMR and moving to the ledge out the window.

"No I can't yet. I'm trying to figure out how to work this so I can at least send out a wide range Oly, Oly, Oxen free."

Aster took a few shots to his shield, turned and fired, "Get to it. We're going to go through with this plan."

After about a minute of Aster moving around and shooting and Sara cursing they got contact on their radios.

"Spartans" Jack started saying, "Your reinforcements have arrived."

Aster and Sara looked across the station to where two Warthogs drove up. The people on the guns were Shawn Linhart and Jessica Vasquez. Riley was on a Mongoose shooting with a pistol that he picked up and the mystery girl riding behind him. James and Maryse were in the passenger seats. Glen and Jack were driving.

**\*\*In the Comms Center\*\***

Six gave the tech job to Glen and she joined Aster, Jack, Jessica, and Riley at the railings outside. The four civilians were left to watch the doors and to cover Riley. Jack then explained the events of getting together and to the base to support the super soldiers.

"Its all coming together like a bad and convenient story but I guess a fight with some alien bastards will do that to you." Jack started, "So me, Shepard, and Vasquez decided that we were going to get ammo, take a warthog from a garage, and head here to back you up but the three civies decided they wanted to help. Guess they figured," the commander leaned up from behind cover and fired a burst from his DMR and popped back down, "it was better to not take a chance at starving to death or dieing of insanity or dieing of no hope or help."

Sara stood up and fired two shots from her own DMR, the first stunning a jackal and the next killing it with a head shot.

Jack fired more shots before crouching, "So us and these ballsy civilians got what ammo we all could carry, made our way out of the bunker and to some garages we knew some Warthogs were in. As we got everyone set and ready to go Tolsen came driving in with this girl as his passenger. He said that you told him to get back to the bunker Aster. Oh by the way I guess Riley got her name out of her. He said it was Felicity."

Aster took out two elites with one bullet and ducked down as two skirmishers on a higher up building knocked down his shields. "It would have been better to Jack. Felicity over there isn't able to do much, though I don't blame her."

Vasquez was tossing a clip to Riley as she shouted to Glen, "Is your shoulder holding up Shepard?"

As the group had made their way to the Spartans across the battle zone, Glen had taken shrapnel from a Fuel Rod gun blowing up near him. The one who kept him from getting shot from others was Shawn using a pistol and killing the grunt shooting the gun.

"Incoming!" Riley shouted.

The trooper was signaling a plasma grenade being thrown. He was too late in keeping the skirmisher who was throwing it from throwing it. It landed right next to Vasquez as Riley acted quickly. He grabbed up the plasma grenade and quickly threw it back before it gained its stickiness and exploded. The grenade only went around six feet before exploding. Tolsen got knocked back and was shell-shocked as Vasquez checked on him.

**\*\*Covenant Field Marshall\*\***

The Covenant commander at the human base watched the fight as he was taking shots himself. He didn't know what the feeble minded but stubborn creatures were doing but the two armored demons with them had to of given some sort of order. The darker armored orbital drop shock trooper was either dead or badly wounded from the grenade.

"Heroic" he thought, "but stupid."

He scanned the fight some more as the two demons came out to shoot a stream of their human bullets. Then a thought hit him. He pulled his second in command from behind a crate and told him to scale in from the side to flank them and destroy the equipment in the room. He nodded and set off, cloaking himself.

"Clever. Perhaps they aren't so feeble minded after all but it was still hopeless and stupid."

He gave an order to the other soldiers around him to move up and get the tech in the building in their sites.

**\*To the soldiers and Spartans\***

"Ow, son of a bitch" Riley groaned in pain.

Jack, Aster, and Sara were standing up and firing to try and make up for their two comrades not shooting.

Glen was working the communications tech furiously when suddenly a plasma shot hit near his feet. He took a pistol and took aim, seeing that the Covenant were on a building that had an angle where they could shoot the equipment.

"They're going to try and shoot the systems. If they fry it with damn plasma we can't signal for help!"

Six and Aster looked at each other.

"Jack, Vasquez keep shooting on the front!" Aster ordered. He and Six then hopped through the windows and activated the Jackal energy shields they took. Just as they turned the shields on, a plasma shot hit the Noble's shields.

Shots were exchanged for a minute as the Spartans saved the energy shield's energy from draining by using their armor's shield as a cover for the communications system, Riley had managed to pull himself against the railing cover and blind fired every once in a while with his pistol, and Jack and Jessica were taking short controlled burst to conserve their ammo, which was draining fast. They had about one hundred and twenty rounds of DMR ammo, five hundred assault rifle ammo, three plasma grenades, six fragmentation grenades, 100 shotgun slugs, and together 120 handgun rounds together. They had a lot less than what they had come with.

James was looking out the corridor like he was told to. He was inexperienced with shooting any weapon but was told to just keep a certain end away from everyone and how to reload. Him, Shawn, and Maryse were told to shoot at any movement they saw. The girl Felicity wasn't doing much of anything. The doctor then spied a quick movement and fired. The bullet connected and a flashing was shown. Then a battle cry was heard. A Sangheili Elite, who was cloaked, bull rushed the doctor after the bullet hit it and revealed him for a second. Doctor James continued shooting but couldn't break the shield and was grabbed and thrown hard against the wall and unconscious.

"Elite!" Glen shouted. He turned and shot with his pistol as the Elite drew its energy sword.

Sara ran towards it and it swung its sword at her. She ducked under and slammed her shield into the elite. Aster went to help but got struck by a round of plasma bolts and had to turn back and go on the defense. Sara was grabbed by the neck of her armor and was about to get stabbed in the face when Riley and Glen had a shot and took it. Four shots struck the neck and head, disabling its shield. The Noble punched the Sangheili in its mouth but was thrown. It quickly drew a plasma rifle from its waist and shot at the three soldiers leaning on the ledge and then at Aster. It then proceeded to run at Six, firing its rifle. The shots depleted her shield and she was quickly tackled to the ground after it slammed past Glen.

"Damn alien son of a bitch!" Sara cursed. The other soldiers couldn't do much of anything but return fire at the other aliens who suddenly bombarded them without issue of returned fire.

The Noble was clutching the alien by its wrist trying to keep from getting killed by the sword or plasma rifle. It pulled the trigger nearly killing Maryse and Shawn. Sara managed to slam the gun against

her opponents face and was barely able to pull the weapons from its hands. She couldn't hold onto them for long because her hands were slammed to the ground and she dropped them. The alien lifted her up again, making her feet kick the hilt back. It roared in anger when a burst from Jessica shot it in the gut.

"Gah!" the Spartan cried as she was swung and thrown.

It moved with its quickness, picking up the rifle, and started to aim for the tech that Glen was under. The sound of the energy sword being activated wasn't heard.

\_Snick!\_

The elite roared in agony as the blade got twisted and dragged to the right, spraying the alien's blood over some consoles. It dropped dead and the others only turned for a second: the killer of the elite was Felicity. She then dropped the sword with a shaky hand and slowly backed up before falling.

"Get back to shooting! Shawn checked the doctor and Six get back on your feet!" Aster ordered.

The teen quickly sprinted to the doctor who was barely regaining consciousness.

"Before we were interrupted by that bastard I was almost done with the configurations. I'mâ€|just aboutâ€|done! Lieutenant Baxter quickly, I've got it going." Glen said.

Aster looked at the Noble who was just getting up and dodging plasma shots. As she took to the console and the private ran to join the others, Aster couldn't help but think if this was actually the smart thing to have done.

Sara pressed in the code for the Spartan channel then hit transmit button and started to speak.

\*In a Covenant Phantom\*

The pilot of the Covenant Phantom's helmet radio kicked on.

"What the hell?" a human voiced asked in reply.

"This is Noble Team member Lieutenant Sara Baxter calling out to any Spartans: Oly, Oly, Oxen Free. Does anyone respond?"

The pilot waited in hesitation. She didn't know if this was anything that was a trick until she remembered her helmet was on the secure channel for Spartans only.

"Respond, respond. Oly, Oly, Oxen Free, is anyone out there still alive?"

The flyer responded, "Oly, Oly, Oxen Free, All out in the free, we're all free. This is Rosenda-344, reservist member of Noble Team. Lieutenant where is your location?"

"Damn someone responded! I am in the Aszod ship breaking yards. I am with one other Spartan, four soldiers, and four civilians. We are

under heavy fire from Covenant and a now approaching Phantom."

"I'm coming to your location now and in a Covenant Phantom. Time of approach is around six minutes. Get to a pick up point and be ready!"

"Roger."

"Take cover!" another voice shouted.

Rosenda could hear multiple explosions rocking the area on the other side of the radio then the radio went dead.

"Finally, someone alive on this rock. That and the other Oly, Oly, Oxen Free is giving me some hope."

\*Aszod\*

Six was holding onto Maryse by the waist and placing her next to Riley. A phantom had just dropped off around ten fresh troops including two brutes and rocketed the building with three shots of its plasma cannons. The group got lucky because the shots hit the top of the building and caved in the floor above them because the Phantom couldn't get a good angle.

"Everyone someone is coming but she's coming in a phantom." Six said checking a DMR's clip.

"They must have commandeered it. Has to be a Spartan." Jack said shooting at a skirmisher on the ground. "When are they going to be here?"

Six shot a grunt in the skull with the only bullet in the DMR's clip, "Five minutes."

"Hope we can last this long, I nearly got my head fried by needle rifle and a plasma grenade." Jessica said reloading her assault rifle. Then she nodded over to Shawn who had taken a position next to Jack I think this kid might out last us all."

She was mentioning with the fact that Shawn had picked up quickly the ways of combat from the others. He had actually killed an elite with five shots when Jack took its shields down. The total amount Covenant forces still left were around was about twenty five soldiers: nine grunts, the Field Marshall, his other second in command, another Sangheili elite, three jackals, four skirmishers, four elites, and three brutes.

Aster asked Sara as he was checking their flank, "Do we know where they are going to land?"

"She Aster. There was only one in the ship to my knowledge and no I don't know. Just that she's in a Covenant Phantom." Sara replied.

"Joyful man. That's going to give so much help." Riley muttered firing the last of his pistol clip blindly.

"Can I say something?" Shawn asked keeping his head low.

"Go ahead." Jack said.

"The transports they are using aren't coming in as quick as we've seen them. They have to be only pulling in soldiers from around the general area. We should be able to tell which one will be our way out of here by it having a different flight pattern or something."

"Shawn has a point. It should at least be easier to see which one will come." Aster commented.

The group's supplies left: 80 DMR rounds, 300 assault rifle bullets, one plasma grenade, three fragmentation grenades, 100 shotgun slugs, and 75 handgun rounds. Sara had picked up and given Aster the energy sword and the Plasma rifle, which had about 40 shots left. They had picked up an extra plasma grenade but used it. Time left till evac: four minutes.

**\*\*Rosenda's Phantom\*\***

"There's smoke. That has to be Aszod." Rosenda said to herself. "Hmâ€|can't believe a Noble team member is still alive. It wasn't Kat so I guess it has to be the new Noble Six. She can tell me exactly what happened to the others. All I know is thatâ€|they died. Forget it, right now its time to punch it!"

Rosenda sped up the alien craft to try and get to the group as fast as possible

**\*\*Two minutes later\*\***

"I'm out!" Vasquez shouted. She switched her rifle out for one of the three shotguns they brought.

The Covenant had to have sensed the group's situation because they started to send in the elites and brutes they had up around the sides to flank them. Tolsen had resumed using his sniper rifle on the flankers on the left side while Aster dealt with the flankers on the right side with a sniper rifle as well. They had one clip of sniper ammo each. Current enemy number: 20. One brute, two grunts, one elite, and one skirmisher were killed.

"Crap we have another Phantom inbound! We don't have much of anything left!" Riley shouted.

A phantom came inbound but at a very fast rate. Glen finished his pistol and the group was left with only one frag grenade, one plasma grenade, two DMR clips, two Assault Rifle clips, no sniper ammo, and two pistol clips. Aster still had the energy sword and plasma rifle but was using the DMR, Sara had a shotgun, Jack and Riley had the assault rifle clips, and Glen had the pistol ammo. Now even the battle hardened Spartans were starting to feel a little hopeless. It soon landed. It didn't hover behind its allies and drop off troops, it didn't fire at the group of fighters, and it didn't even land behind its allies. It flew over and landed in the hill next the building everyone was by. The side doors opened up but due to it landing out of view no one saw who was in it. They did see and hear the familiar sound of a needle rifle.

"Pack up this has to be our ride. Six lead out and provide cover.

I'll join you from behind the others. Seems who ever is here is helping with the covering. Is everyone ready?" Aster looked at everyone. "Go, go!"

Jack threw Sara his assault rifle and got the shotgun. Sara stood up and fired in controlled burst while deflecting shots with her energy shield.

#### 4. Chapter 4

##### Chapter 4

##### Life and Sacrifice

Plasma flew and Bullets were fired in bursts to provide cover. The ship wasn't that far but meters never seemed to feel so much like a mile. The direction to where the Covenant dropship landed actually bottlenecked a little bit giving the advantage to the shield wielding Spartans, who used their armor and their shields to provide cover. The mistake Aster made was turning when he heard a call that went to know one specific.

"It's a Spartan!" Glen had shouted.

A green and charged plasma round slammed into Aster's ribs. He felt his personal shields drop and the heat of the attack as he was knocked down. He barely had time to cover himself with his energy shield before needler rounds hit him in a quick barrage.

"Let's go man, get up!" Noble Six shouted at him, quickly pulling him to his feet.

Aster made no pun in the situation.

\*Rosenda\*

Rosenda was firing with a needle rifle from the weapons cache on the ship. She was fairly proficient with one of those and she just loved to make the alien pricks blow up with their own weapon.

"Three civilians, three marines, one ODST Trooper, and two Spartans?"

She saw the black armored super soldier get hit when he heard a visibly shaking marine shout that it was a Spartan rescuing them.

"Rookie mistake. It nearly cost him."

The soldiers quickly were scrambling as much as they could to get to their rescue. Glen had scrambled into the ship and was firing with a Covenant rifle he was thrown. Then he saw that the remaining brutes were starting to push forward firing with their bladed guns. Aster saw that as well and was trying to deal with them along with Six but their energy shields were near to needing a recharge.

"Get a move on! We got this." Noble Six shouted even though she herself felt like they would get overrun quickly.



The soldiers and civilians followed the order and quickly turned and ran, not wasting time to shoot. They managed to get to the ship and were being helped up in, Maryse first, Felicity second, then Shawn followed by the doctor.

"Spartan do you have any of our ammo?" Jack asked.

"Mostly Covenant, sir" Glen responded, "but there's some here."

Glen then slid some clips to the other soldiers. Everyone but the civilians ended up reloading their assault rifles.

Jack then ordered as he grabbed another clip, "We need to move down and get the Spartans covering fire. If they just turn tail and run they'll get shot dead. So soldiers move out now!"

"Aw man." Glen thought as he hopped down. He had his pistol with him and the four moved out under fire till they got a good sight from a rock formation.

"Light em' up!" came the order.

The four unloaded their clips in a combination of bursts and full auto fire. The storm of bullets kept the alien enemies from getting a consistent rate of fire on the two Spartans.

"Move Noble move!" Aster said.

The two super soldiers turned and sprinted to the ship and were soon joined by the soldiers, coming two at a time providing a continuous rate of fire. All practically leapt into the ship as Rosenda hurried to the pilots chair and started it up. Sara (Six) made her way into the weapons chair to provide any protection she could. The ship was starting to take off and the door stayed open to let Tolsen and Aster provide any covering fire they could.

"We're not in the clear yet, there is another dropship coming. Think you can target it?" Rosenda asked.

"That's well and good but I'm trying to hit a little bastard with a big gun he's trying to shoot and the moving is not helping." Riley said.

"I'm closing the door. We need to get out of here, ditch this ship, and make our way to a secondary Oly, Oly, Oxen Free signal."

Aster looked at the Noble reservist, "There's others?"

The door wouldn't close all the way. "Dammit. Must have gotten hit or something."

A plasma bolt rang shot through and almost hit Jessica in the head.

"Let's go! They're starting to push hard!" Vasquez cried.

Rosenda started to lift off with plasma shots ricocheting off the outside and inside of the ship. She hoped the "little bastard with a big gun" was not one of the grunts with a fuel rod gun. Those could rip apart a Pelican without any issue and she figured a Covenant

Phantom wouldn't do much better if hit by one. She had a bad feeling though that it was.

Rosenda looked at the Spartan next to her, "I heard him call you noble. Does that mean you're Noble Six?"

Sara nodded.

"Last I heard nothing was good. Are the other's really dead?"

"Yes, I know is that I barely survived and Jun is probably still aliveâ€|probably. Why are you asking?"

"I'm Rosenda-344, a reservist for Noble Team. All I knew is that they had you in to replace Thom after the Battle of Fumirole\*."

"Did you know the others?"

"I knew them well enough that I felt they were like my family when we had a mission together." Rosenda sighed, "Did they at least die with dignity?"

Six shook her head, "Jorge won us a victory, or so we thought. He sacrificed himself to blow up a heavy cruiser but more jumped in as soon as the bomb was detonated. Kat got shot in the back of the head as we were making our way to a bunker asking a question. Jun was told to guard Dr. Halsey so I don't know what happened to them. Carter gave his life, crashing his ship into a Scarab so Emile and I could get an important package to the shipbreaking yards. Emile died killing elites as he tried to make his way to the Pelican picking us up."

Rosenda was silent but before she could say anything one of the marines shouted, "Rise up now pilot! Some Elite is flying on a banshee!" She didn't ask why and just did it. A sudden shock jolted the ship as a fuel rod blast clipped the ship. They hadn't made it very far at all when something made the ship start dropping as it lost power.

"Damn it, we're going down!" Rosenda shouted.

"How?" Aster replied.

The Spartan shook her head as she messed with the controls, "I don't know. This thing was already seemed like it had seen action before. That jolt must have shaken something or grazed the power or something. The bottom line is I don't know. I'll I can say is hang on!"

The Phantom was going down slowly. One of the soldiers held on to the side of the door and stuck their head out to see anything. The Field Marshal was riding on a banshee, one that looked like it had been scuffed up in a crash landing.

"That's what got us. That xeno in charge is riding a freaking banshee!" Vasquez shouted.

Rosenda was furiously messing with the controls trying to rise back up and fly but it was no good. The Phantom kept slowly falling down. All the while the elite wasn't firing but flying at a pace good

enough to keep up. He was going to take his time.

\*Field Marshal's view\*

He stared at the female soldier who stuck her head out. He was lucky the Unggoy he had working on the Type-26 was capable enough to fix it a little bit after that armored fighter had crashed it. Then there came the problem of who was flying a transport to aid the humans. None to his knowledge could pilot their ships except the smaller "Ghosts" or "Revenants" as the human military called them.

There was a garble of chatter on his communications. A Type-52 Troop Carrier had picked up the remaining soldiers and would be tracking his signal. Their mission would not fail on his watch.

Suddenly the enemy ship let out a spark and a humming noise then started to speed up. It had been getting dangerously close to the ground but now started to rise quickly. The time to act was now.

He hit the boost on his vehicle and when at the right angle fired a low powered shot from his projectile cannon into the sides of the door.

\*In the Phantom\*

"God dammit he's shooting at us!"

The ship was being jolted around but something didn't seem right to Aster.

"He isn't trying to shoot us down."

Jack looked at him, "What?"

He isn't firing that fuel rod cannon the full force he could be, he isn't shooting square at the door, which could only mean-â€|"

He was interrupted by the Phantom's door blasting off the side completely. The rush of wind almost made the unprepared fall out. The Field Marshal flew up right beside them and as Jack was taking aim with a shotgun, the alien jumped ship right onto theirs. It let out a battle cry but before anything could be done, a form tackled its legs, causing both of them to fall out of the ship.

"SHEPARD!" Jack and Jessica shouted.

\*Shepard\*

Everything seemed to fall in slow motion.

"\_Nothing to we could have done to prepare for that. Goâ€|keep flying."\_

\*\*THUD\*\*

Glenn rolled on the ground after gravity did its thing. His only saving grace was that the ship was really close to the ground and he had ended up on top of the field marshal though he was still having a hard time moving. The good thing is that the alien also appeared to be stunned and seemed to be in shock. He could get an actual good

look at this alien now: he was taller than most at 8'7", seemed to weigh the same at 360 lbs, and his armor was a blue/purple color. The one thing the split-lip lacked was a helmet. Glen slowly pushed himself up to move and felt along his hip. The pistol was there with the two clips he had left. Only one grenade he picked up from in the ship (frag), and he was quickly ready to panic again. He tried to climb gently off the rock he was on but hadn't had his bearings back yet and fell with again. He got up and for some unknown reason, he made his way back towards the base they just escaped from, trying to keep to the rocks and any cover to keep from sight. That didn't work to well. He heard the familiar sound that no person in the field wanted to hear.

"Shit," he cursed making a vain attempt to run across a small opened area.

Suddenly there was a plasma explosion behind him, and he was airborne. He was thrown at a sharp angle forward and landed with another bone jarring crash. There was a ringing in Glenn's ears and his whole body ached as he attempted to move but could only succeed in crawling but in the right direction, he didn't know. Through the ringing he could hear the faint humming sound of the enemy ship.

"\_Oh god!" \_he thought, "\_What do I do? C'mon think, think, think!\_"

Then it came to him: give them what they want, a dead human. Glenn Shepard abruptly stopped moving after faking a final, quivering stretch with his arm.

"Not too shabby."

\*Phantom\*

"What do you mean you're wanting to jump out after him? Do you seriously want to ruin what he just did for us?!" Jack yelled.

"He didn't need to do that! He didn't need to throw his life away like that!" Aster shouted back.

The marine leader didn't back down and instead stepped forward, calmly but still showing hints of agitation, said, "He's a marine Spartan and he knows what he is doing. Don't think you are the only one who wants to go back for him but if he survived that fall, then he's going to be dead soon because of the Elite. He wanted to give us a chance to survive and get off this planet. You are not the only ones trained to fight and who will give their lives to keep others safe!"

Aster didn't do anything but remove his helmet. Normally it was the duty of the Spartans to keep a cool head in combat and be ready to see and make sacrifices. This time the roles were reversed: a standard UNSC marine gave the sacrifice and his commanding officer was the one keeping the level head. The Spartan was never fond of people either giving him something or doing something that he felt he wouldn't be able to return the favor to. Aster was thickskulled like that. It tended to lead to do some pretty stupid things.

He then ran and jumped out of the ship. Not locking his armor, he

instead just tucked and rolled. The height wasn't enough to hurt him but it definitely jarred him and drained his shields.

\*Spartan-B312\*

Noble Six had turned around and listened to Aster and Jack arguing. She thought that each of the Spartans of Noble Team were unique in a sense but for some reason she felt the black armored soldier took the cake. He seemed genuinely distressed about Glenn's sacrifice. Then she saw just as she was turning to face Rosenda, the soldier jump out the ship.

"You idiot!" Jack shouted at him, but it was too late.

\*Aster's Head\*

"\_I have seen too many left behind and needlessly sacrifice themselves on this planet. Hang in there private!\_"

\*Shepard\*

The marine laid there motionless as best as possible as the few aliens from the base dropped down and made their way to him. Glenn couldn't see what was there but the aliens were 20 left out of the 25 from the station. 4 had been killed by the marine's bullet barrage of a covering fire and the marshal was off stunned on a rock. There were 7 grunts, the current leader: the other Sangheili elite, two jackals, four skirmishers, four elites, and two brutes.

The aliens were making their way to where the human marine had fallen. They were unsure of where their previous commander was but they weren't without leadership. They saw the unmoving form and the \_de facto \_leader motioned for one of the grunts to check it. Without a hint of the usual grunt cowardly personality, it followed orders. When it got to Glenn it poked him with its gun and then nudged him roughly with its foot. It took all Glenn had to not exhale, move, or grunt when getting hit in his cracked ribs.

When the Unggoy gave the clear signal, the alien squad wasted no time turning back to their ship with haste. They had to pick up their commander, continue after the stragglers, and find out who took one of the Covenant's ships. Little did they know the marine had one last trick and fight for the group.

"Alright you alien bastards," Glenn started out quietly, rising and pulling the pin of his only grenade, "EAT THIS!"

Mustering all he could into his throw, he threw the grenade right in the middle of the turning aliens. Stunned for a second they jumped to avoid but not before the grenade exploded. \*\*\*Out of the 20 left there were 15: two skirmishers, one elite, and two grunts killed. The grunt who had checked him was raising his gun but the private was on him. He spun him around and put a bullet in its head but held on to it as a shield. Just in time to because those that recovered were starting to fire. Glenn could only drag his shield back as he sunk two more bullets in the unprotected head of a skirmisher, 13 left. Little did any of them know, the Field Marshal was watching.

"Clever." Came the one word reply.

\_Bang, Bang, Bang\_

The pistol sounded, punching a hole in the head of a jackal.

\_Bang, Bang, Click, Click, Click.\_

"No...Damn it all."

The marine wasn't able to reach any of his clips to reload, instead he had to lug the 280+ pound alien as a shield or be shot with enough plasma to cook for a school picnic. Then his fears of death looked to become absolute in the form of a rushing alien with a sword of energy. Before he knew it, the alien was upon him.

With a swift thrust the sword was through both soldiers. He whipped it out and when the Unggoy fell, he grabbed the marine and threw him towards the other aliens.

"Agh!"

Glenn landed 25 feet hard and right in front of the rest of the enemy, ribs to broken to move. He felt the last of his luck went out with the energy sword only piercing his armor. Fear didn't just enter his mind with what happened next but confusion: he was dragged up and stood on his feet, held up by his head by one of the last two Brutes.

"Not...clever...enough" the Field Marshal said in its broken English.

"\_It can...speak?" \_Glenn thought.

"Fight...me...warrior."

Glenn was released but fell to his knees because of his ribs.

"Fight...to...LIVE! Show...meâ€|STRENGTH!"

The Marshal then roared and charged. It took all the private had to duck under the stomp. He couldn't do anything but crawl to his butt and back and what he saw standing on top of the alien ship, released a scream from his throat.

"NO! DAMMIT!"

What he saw was Aster on top with taking aim and ready to move, what the alien commander interpreted was something else entirely.

"No fight...then DIE!" The energy sword was activated and then with one swift thrust, was impaled into the grounded marine's stomach through his back.

"Glenn!"

The Spartan leapt towards the alien group, high in the air. The weapon he had was a needle rifle and he was using it with pinpoint accuracy as he came down. Three shots were fired at the elite but it

dodged all but one, which only grazed its shoulder. Two were shot into a grunt's skull, 3 hit the opened slot of a jackal's shield, causing him to explode from the shards. Aster then landed square on a point defense shield and completely smashing through it, and the Kig-Yar beneath it.

"\_The hell was I thinking?\_"

He activated his own point defense gauntlet.

"\_No strategy? Just running in to save him?\_"

He flipped the alien weapon's function to automatic, which he discovered only recently, and unloaded the rest of the clip to the right. He killed two grunts (including the one killed while in the air), one skirmisher, and one brute (9 left). He turned and ran shield first into an elite. He blocked the first strike with the shield and then shoved the barrel of the Needle Rifle through its alien mouth and out the back of the skull. 8 left not counting the Field Marshal.

\_CRASH!\_

A brute smashed right into him and sent Aster flying, where he landed with a crash.

"\_I did not se-\_" Aster began to think as he hit the ground before he was grabbed by the brute again and thrown again. Then he heard an almost commanding shout, before more of the Covenant could either continue throwing him around or shoot him.

He only caught a glimpse of the marine in the dust before he was dragged to his knees, his head being brought up so he'd be looking at the commanding officer. Aster knew Elites were some of the more intelligent soldiers in the Covenant Army but he always figured them as barbaric soldiers with the way they fought, despite the professional refinement they obviously had. The Field Marshal was just simply staring at him, almost analyzing as it seemed. Aster figured he would have been run through with any other alien but this one's sword wasn't even activated. No one was moving except a few of the soldiers. They seemed to be anxious and wondering why he gave the order he did.

Finally the alien stepped closer to the kneeling Spartan and motioned to his head. Aster wasn't understanding what he was doing till he was shocked by what happened next.

"Remove" the Marshal said.

Aster was dumbfounded. Here he was sitting while Glenn laid possibly dead in the dust and an alien species, not even reported able to say anything intelligent, just spoke English.

The Marshal said again with surprising patience, "Remove". This time however he tapped the armored soldier's helmet.

Simple context clues led Aster to believing he wanted his helmet removed. He complied showing his features so the alien could see him: shaved hair showing a light brown color, hard light brown eyes, and a notable scar along his right eye. His features were hardened from

rigorous training and hard won battles.

The alien had never seen one of the demons without a helmet on and he was impressed but confused at how they armored beings were human but fought like machines.

"No demonâ€|butâ€|man," he said in his deep, growling voice.

"What did you expect? Some horrendous being uglier than this Brute behind me? I am a human and man like that man you murdered. There is nothing separating us but this armor and our training." Aster responded with frustration.

No response came from the Elite.

"You understand me right? You obviously can speak some of our language so you should be able to. Well here's a red alert: I believe the Covenant and Human race aren't that different! The only real difference is one of us has gone and murdered an entire planet of innocent people! You find us to be little more than insects and unimportant. You call the soldiers like me, us Spartans, to be 'demons and monsters' but here is the real truth."

"Truth?" the alien asked.

"Yeah the truth. The truth is you are the real monsters, not us! What did we ever do to you but exist?"

The alien stared at him but didn't answer. He looked at the large alien behind the human and motioned his head upwards and gave an order. The other complied and lifted the Spartan to his feet.

As Aster waited for an inevitable plasma bolt or swift energy sword strike he heard the leader say in his broken English, "Warrior fight. Prove your strength. No words. Only actions. This, my philosophy. Win your freedom."

Just then one of the remaining Kig-Yar pointed to the air as a humming was heard, a familiar one at that: Rosenda's phantom.

Aster cursed, "God damn it."

The leader said something in his language and the Sergeant noticed around him that the aliens weren't firing but had their guns trained on him. The other soldiers were in the busted door in a heartbeat but Aster didn't feel glad, sad, or confusion at their appearance but anger, the same anger in his conversation with the Field Marshal.

"God damn it, what the hell are you doing here!"

"I never forget a debt," SPARTAN-B312 responded before raising her gun.

Before any action could occur, the Covenant leader pulled a plasma pistol and held it to Aster's head, but he stared only into his eyes.

"Avoid a slaughter."



The super soldier responded by sliding his helmet back into place, "I accept your challenge but no one interferes on either one's behalf. Now who am I fighting?"

"What the hell is he talking about?" Vasquez cursed.

Jack Traynor asked Noble 6 in response, "He isn't serious about this? We have a man down amidst those bastards and he's going to play warrior?"

Sara responded simply, "I think he is."

The elite's mandibles twitched at the question before he responded, "This one's name... is Dafo 'Ehtusee."

\*A/N: Well after a long while of procrastination I have gotten out the next chapter in Spartan Still Alive. Sorry for the wait and please enjoy your Michael Bay esque chapter then follow up with a review, a favorite, a follow, and a critique to let me know if there is anything I should fix (which I will gladly do so immediately or as soon as I possibly can).

## 5. Chapter 5

### Chapter 5

#### The Duel of Fates

Aster peered through his helmet's visor at the 8 foot plus tall alien. Even when crouched in a battle position with his sword, Dafo 'Ehtusee still towered over him. Aster never even gave that a good thought of how intimidating they must have been to normal marines until now.

Speaking of marines, the group had been allowed to retrieve Glenn who somehow wasn't dead but was not in any sort of condition to do anything. In a futile task, Vasquez was too busy trying to provide what little field treatment her and the doctor could do. The only reason they didn't try to lift off was they had to stay as part of a bargain made by Aster that they wouldn't leave.

"What's that idiot thinking he's doing? Gambling with our lives? Has he finally lost it?!" the doctor asked.

"I don't know." Six answered, her eyes going from every alien in front of her. "He's most likely trying to take advantage of the pride or hubris of this guy. He might think a human can't face him, even with his armor."

For a few seconds, which seemed like eternity, Dafo activated his energy sword. Aster immediately followed. The humming of the blades almost echoed in the calm before the storm. Then the Sangheili roared and charged forward. Aster was silent as he ran forward to meet the blade. He had to stay calm and focused.

The blades clashed as the two exchanged a swift series of blows but the Marshal quickly slapped the Spartan's blade to the side, planted his foot on the chest of him, and shoved with immense strength. The human soldier was pushed back and managed to stay up right but was

already assaulted by the alien again. Aster focused on defense dodging and parrying the blows but he knew he would have to go on the offensive.

"GRAHHH!" Dafo roared. He parried a swipe by the armored man, completely spinning him around. He prepared to thrust his weapon in the spine, knowing full well his weapon was capable of doing it.

"\_Dammit!\_" Aster thought. He reacted on instinct by spinning back around with a back fist. The attack was dodged but he brought his right foot around at the same time causing his opponent to fall. Thinking fast, he stabbed down. The energy weapon went easily into the ground but missed the body as he rolled out of the way. Both warriors were ready and waiting when the Sangheili got up. Without hesitation the two were at each other again.

"We're never going to get out of here." Maryse cried softly. "W-we're going to die h-hear like everyone e-el-else."

Shawn tried to comfort his mother but a firm hand rested on the woman's shoulder. Surprisingly it was Felicity's.

"We're going to get out of here. We have to. He's not"she emphasized, "going to fail." Suddenly there was a shout.

"Son of a bitch!"

There was then a loud crash as the Spartan was slammed to the ground. Dafo 'Ehtusee had ducked under a swing, wrapped his free arm across the chest of Aster, and swept him down to the ground with devastating force. The force of the throw had stunned Aster and he was seeing stars from the impact. The alien mounted him and thrust his blade at the Spartan's face. It grazed the left shoulder plate when he craned his head to the side. He did it again and the sword left another significant scratch on the armor's right plate. He caught the alien warrior's hand with his free arm but his sword arm was held down at the same time.

Dafo's teeth clicked in anticipation with the deadlock. The strength of the human fighter was surprising as he was barely faltering though that could change if Aster couldn't recollect his thoughts and fast.

The Covenant around were doing some strange chanting for the whole thing. It almost seemed ritual like and the Field Marshal seemed to be more determined as the fight went on. Now the sword was moved but it was still dangerously hanging over Aster's chest and was about ready to start pressing into the armor.

The Spartan was getting nervous, "\_Gotta...act...oh damn!\_" The sword started to pierce the armor. As the contact was made the Field Marshal let out another roar. "NO!" Aster cried out.

He mustered up his strength and pulled the sword to the left. It saved his life but with ease a large gash appeared in the MJOLNIR armor. There was an opening and the bottom warrior took it by punching the Covenant soldier in the mouth. The punch was as strong as normally given but it was enough to send its taker reeling. Immediately the striker tried to mount but was thrown off. As both

were scrambling up, Aster made it his turn to go on the offensive and turn this in his favor. He quickly lunged forward and grabbed the Sangheili's waste. He lifted up and slammed him to the ground. The fight turned from being a duel to a knockout-drag out brawl, something Aster was known to do in training.

"\_What's this?\_" Dafo wondered baffled at the shift in fighting. He rarely ever got into these kind of fights. He wasn't quite used to it but he had been around these at times, especially with various rivals he made in the Covenant army. This was a interesting fighter. He had blocked the punches and he felt the pain but he was a Field Marshal and he knew what some of the hardest hits were like. He tucked his legs and kicked, or more like pushed off, the heavy soldier. He activated his sword and swung as he was about to be assaulted again but this time with the energy sword.

Aster was pushed of but with adrenaline pumping he had grabbed his dropped sword and was on the verge of attacking. To late when he realized the alien never dropped his weapon. Every one of the humans and the other Spartan noticed the mistake too late. All Aster could do was try to move.

>"RAAGH!" Dafo 'Ehtusee roared as he made an arcing slash. The blow connected to the intended victim and Aster fell to the side of Dafo.<p>

"No!" the humans cried, except Noble 6.

Everyone was still. The elite just gazed over his shoulder at the still form of the metal being. He was just waiting and the tension was killing everyone, and quite soon it could be the actual death of some.

"Shit...that was close. Too...goddamn...close."

Aster slowly sat up. The gash hadn't gotten through as a killing blow but made a large scar in the armor that had gone so far as to cutting into part of the helmet's chin. The two scars in the armor formed a lopsided X.

"Lucky" the alien said before turning to the grounded enemy. "Now stand...and finish...this."

Aster was breathing heavy, not at the adrenaline subsiding, but the fear that the deep cut could have come close to killing him if he didn't twist to the side in time. There was also the thought that it may have damaged his armor. Still, he shakily stood up but his helmet kept all showings of nervousness hidden.

"Thanks for the scars. I think I'll keep them but a quick question: would you like some more?" Aster asked readying himself.

As the Covenant readied himself, there was a guttural coughing heard from the humans.

"God damn it bucket head, hurry up and kill this bastard! Glenn's not doing so good!" Vasquez shouted.

Aster then looked at the Marshal, "You want a fight? Well I'm finishing it!"

Aster rushed forward towards his opponent and when he prepared a defensive stance. As the Spartan drew closer he swung and while the Covenant soldier swung a parrying strike, Aster feinted to the left. Dafo always anticipated a feint maneuver of any kind with each attack but was caught off guard by a feint within a feint. The human quickly ducked and swept to the right side and slashed. The alien fell back but not in time and received a glancing blow that scratched his armor. The two then engaged in a fast flurry of strikes, glancing blows, and dodges.

The air was fill with the \_CHH, CHH, CHH\_ of the swords against one another as well as the stomping and chanting of the other Covenant soldiers. Finally Aster's moment came and in the luckiness that was a stumble.

Dafo parried a slash and shoulder barged his opponent. He then brought up a powerful kick that sent the sword from his opponent's hand, into the air, and then the alien himself caught the weapon. Without hesitation he began a rapid assault with the dual weapons. It was looking grim for Aster but as he ducked his head to and fro, he tripped up in a small hole that was caused by his fist earlier on. The trip actually surprised the Marshal.

"Whoa!" he cried as he fell. Noticing the still moving enemy, his mind started moving at a tactical pace. He then brought his feet up and threw his still moving foe over him.

Both the blades were dropped and when both were on their feet, Aster made his move. He dashed forward and connected a punch to the torso followed up by a jaw jacking uppercut. How his armored fist didn't break the xeno's jaw, he'd never know. He threw two more jabs to the abdomen and the alien tried to punch the human. He caught the least armored part of the waste but knew it was a mistake to try and physically strike this human's armor without a weapon because his hand flared up with pain. Aster then headbutted the skull of his foe and then wrapped his arm underneath his shoulder, initiating a hip toss that nearly shook the ground around the two. Without hesitation the Spartan picked up the grounded alien and threw the heavy form. He picked up the two fallen swords and as he walked towards the leader, Aster took off his helmet and tossed it aside. Dafo was on his knees when looked up to the black armored warrior who stood over him with two energy swords now activated and scissored across his neck.

"Finish the fight." Dafo simply said before lowering his head slightly.

The two stayed like that, waiting for an end of some sort, one that the humans hoped would actually happen and one the aliens would have never thought to see.

The Sergeant looked around and then down at the Sangheili before lowering his blades.

"No," he said. Rare emotions for a Spartan actually rising.

In a commanding way the elite responded, "Kill me...human. Bargain...to be...kept."

"No I won't. I'm a soldier and a killing machine," he started saying

to the now rising elite, "but I have seen enough death for a life time. Look at me Dafo 'Ethusee. What do you see?"

The alien pondered the question for many reasons before answering, "Warrior...human...and...thinker."

"I'm am those things. But what I am is a person. I'm the same no matter the training, no matter the standing, as those people over there. Like that man that you stabbed. I'm like those people that your army killed. I'm a citizen of my race like you are. Haven't you seen enough death for your people on this one planet? You killed more than us but we still killed many of your soldiers."

"War is inevitable. Death is...a part of...war."

"I know that but don't you see?! Warriors like us still should be able to tell when enough is enough for a day. I've won this time and you are an honorable soldier. Keep your end of your bargain so we both can live just one more hour. So we can keep the people we lead alive just a little bit longer. Maybe...just...maybe I guess, I don't know. Maybe we can see a variety of things to rise from this situation besides a moment of weakness. Maybe this can show you that not everything appears in the right no matter how right it seems."

The Field Marshal stared at the soldier he was towering over, taking in and pondering everything spoken to him.

Aster sighed before trying a final plea, "Killing you will take one of the most intelligent and honorable beings I've ever seen in an alien, that before this meeting, I thought were brutal and murderous terrors. You gave chances where others never did and you even admired. Do you even think this...this...mass murder! This mass murder of a planet and race is going to lead to anything good? Do you and your race really think of us humans as inferior insects instead of intelligent beings?! Please I am begging you: keep your deal and let us go. Think on what I've said and why I let you live. I don't want to see anymore death today, no matter who it is."

Everyone stood still. Dafo staring down at Aster, the Covenant soldiers with fingers on triggers, and the human soldiers and civilians waiting and ready to make any move for a final stand. Then an even further unthinkable moment happened. The purple clad Field Marshal gave an order to his troops. He had to shout and order again because of their confusion but they slowly and reluctantly followed instructions: they lowered their weapons.

"One warrior...to...another. My deal...kept." Dafo 'Ehtusee started. He pointed to himself, "At my...expense...you live." He pointed to the worn energy sword, "That is my...weapon now. Keep mine and fight...with knowledge...with strength like true warriors do."

He turned and shouted further commands to the remaining Covenant soldiers to get on the Phantom. Reluctantly (very reluctantly at that) they started to walk towards the ship. They all went but one: a Brute or Jiralhanae to the Covenant. He was quickly becoming more angered before raising his Gravity Hammer and shouting. Then he started charging towards the group of humans, taking them off guard. With no hesitation the Field Marshal took the energy sword from Aster and sprinted towards the charging alien. He ducked the swing from the

hammer and hit the brute. Quickly following up the punch, he activated the sword and impaled the Jiralhanae through the chest. He said something into the dying creature's ear before ripping the sword out. Then he turned to the humans and said two simple words.

"Go now."

Aster looked at the Marshal's sword before heading towards his allies, picking up his helmet, and quickly telling them to get on the ship.

"Get going now! We have to move now!"

Everyone was in a state of shock at what just happened but human instinct kicked in none the less. Jack and Riley picked Glenn up and moved him as far into the Phantom as they could, as carefully as they could. Six and Rosenda literally jumped into the pilot's and gunner's chairs to start up the ship as Aster clambered on. The ship started up off the ground as the standing Spartan stared at the back of Dafo. The Sangheili stared at the brute's body before picking up its hammer and turned to look at the humans leaving. With clumsy but lightning speed, all the humans were taking off.

The Sangheili then looked at his hands and the ruined landscape around him. The only words he uttered were, "Strange."

**\*\*6 Minutes Later\*\***

"Do you know where the other signal is Rosenda?" Sara asked.

The Noble reservist answered without looking at her, "It's approximately 5 miles North from our current position." She then turned to the group behind her, "How's your man doing?"

Jack answered with sorrow in his voice, "Not good."

A guttural cough was heard that made the civilians cringe.

"C'mon man, hang in there! Don't die on this hell hole, you've made it this far!" Jessica begged him, clutching his hand.

The doctor had never seen wounds like this. The sword left very little blood but still enough to pool around the hands of Jack and Jessica's (who were trying to apply pressure with the doctor's jacket, it cauterized part of itself, but it still remained a lethal and fatal wound that he didn't know how to mend in the current situation. He needed the utilities of the hospital he worked at or his clinic facilities in New Alexandria, both though were sadly ashes and rubble. He feared the worse for the young marine.

Glen let loose more agonizing coughing only this time there was blood starting to trickle down his chin. The private didn't have much longer to live and James let Aster know, but quietly. He tapped him on his armor so he'd lean down closer before whispering only loud enough to be heard.

"Sergeant, Pvt. Shepard is suffering. He's not going to last much long. We just can't do anything."

The Spartan replied, "I know. Can you think of anyway to ease him of

his suffering short of putting a bullet in his head?"

James sighed, "No. If I had the right tools I could help him but I just can't. The worse part is his suffering isn't quick. Busted ribs, a punctured lung, and blood not able to escape anywhere but from his mouth and wound. He's practically suffocating if not drowning even."

The Spartan just stared at the dying marine, "All we can do is wait as painful as sounds. Hopefully it won't be too much longer."

That moment was thankfully not too far off and Glen seemingly knew it. After a minute he seemed to calm down, as his life was mercifully coming to an end.

"G-guys?" he stuttered out. Almost immediately everyone turned to listen. "I'm not...g-going to...make it."

"Shut it Shepard, we're gonna get you some help. Just hold on...you...you got to hold on man." Jessica said through forming tears of frustration.

Glen defied her for the first time, "No, I'm not going...too. You are. You're going to get off this...get off this...shit heap of a planet. I'm going to die and...you can't think...about it. Get off...and fight back...for everyone."

A huge series of coughing racked Shepard's body. By the time it finally stopped, Aster noticed his eyes glassing over some.

Glen looked over to his commanding officer before asking, "H-how'd I do sir?"

Jack Traynor wiped his eyes and replied with grim satisfaction, "Better than everyone originally thought son. Though you were a pain in my ass," he wiped his eyes again, "you still were a valued marine in my command."

Glen breathed raggedly as he looked from Riley Tolsen to Aster, "I never thought...I'd serve with an ODS...or even a Spartan. I'm honored t-that he though...I was good enough too...not leave behind." He looked back to the ODS, "You gotta help keep...keep the civies safe 'kay? All of you. I can't monitor...the scanners anymore."

"Damn it man, don't do this. St-...stay with us! Don't die now man!" Vasquez pleaded.

The Spartan still watched. The distress was starting to show around and had him starting to choke up as well. Glen looked up at everyone and shakily raised a salute and as soon as the others responded with their own, he started to cough up more blood. His wound was agitated more and blood started to pool around Jessica's hand. The private raised his free hand slightly and other responded by grasping it tightly. Then he closed his eyes.

Aster knelt down and the armored soldier said to the dying man, "If everyone was like you Glen, I'm sure Reach would not have fallen."

A small smile made its way on the man's face and his grip on

Vasquez's hand loosened. Glen Shepard breathed his last breath as a soldier for Reach.

"Glen? Glen?! C'mon man wake up! Don't add yourself to the rest of em'!" Vasquez shouted. Glen didn't move or respond.

"Stupid...bastard." Jessica growled sadly. "Stupid, stupid, bastard."

The rest of the ride was a silent trip until Rosenda let everyone know they were landing a few minutes later.

"Everyone lets go. If we hurry we can get to the signal within a few minutes."

"What are we going to do with Pvt. Shepard?" Maryse asked.

"We're taking him with us, not questions asked." Jessica practically ordered.

"No one else disagrees Vasquez. Now if we can stop talking, can we get a move on?" Jack asked.

The Phantom landed and the group gathered what weapons and ammunition they could while Rosenda and Sara checked the systems of the dropship for any information useful to their current or future predicaments. When everything and everyone was ready, they evacuated the dropship and proceed a continuous but speedy walk north. Aster was carrying Glen's body as every one of the humans kept an eye on their surroundings. As they neared the destination that Rosenda's H.U.D was marking, they noticed off in the distance, and even around them, a lot of Covenant destruction. Most of it seemed recent.

"The hell happened there? It looks like the area I found Sara at: lots of destruction and death." Aster said with a half-assed chuckle.

"I think intel had said that that was a Covenant landing zone. It looks desolate." Rosenda responded. Then she stopped, with a confused expression hidden by her helmet as she looked at a small digital map in her hands.

"What's going on?" Riley asked?

"Nothing. Just making sure this was right." The group was at a beginning zone of the Menachite Mountains. "It's saying that the signal is coming literally from within the mount-...wait a minute." She tapped a little more on the small map in her palm. "This is an emergency entrance for Castle Base! C'mon a little further."

The group double timed it till they were at a slightly camouflaged entrance. When they searched they found a panel to speak into the doors.

"The signal," Rosenda said, "is right here in the mountains. Which means that it's coming from inside the base."

"Are you sure it's still transmitting?" Noble 6 asked.



"Yeah. Let's try the panel. If we can't get in then we're more screwed than anyone else and we might as well be dead."

As everyone placed their backs facing the mountain to keep watch, Sara hurried to the panel. After checking to see if it was functioning, she pressed the transmit button.

"Oly, oly, oxen free, All out in the free, We're all free." She waited thirty seconds before speaking again, "Oly, oly, oxen free, All out in the free, We're all free. This is SPARTAN-B312. If anyone is alive here, I need to know. I am with two other Spartans and we have soldiers and civilians. Please respnd ASAP."

**\*\*Inside the Castle Base Emergency Entrance\*\***

"Did you hear that?"

"Yeah."

"Can we trust it doctor?"

"It was the response for our signal, we can't do anything else but trust that. Not unless a Spartan broke training and the Covenant have a highly specialized translation device."

**\*\*Outside\*\***

"Why isn't anyone responding?" James inquired. "Are you sure the signal is transmitting?"

"Yes I'm sure damn it! There's no other signal in the area and it's only recognized by Spartans!" Rosenda snapped back.

Aster adjusted the body in his arms slightly, "Guys we got to keep calm. Enough has happened that we got to have faith in this. James the Oly, oly, oxen, free is used only by Spartans and a few outside people. No one will compromise that and you can believe that."

Just then a shaking filled the ground as giant doors in the mountainside started to shift. Everyone started back with weapons pointed waiting for something to show itself. It stopped just enough to squeeze underneath it and the group heard a commanding order.

"Proceed with caution but hurry. As you come in, keep you hands and weapons where we can see them."

"Go on people, lets move." Rosenda ordered and quickly went under.

One by one, the civilians and soldiers went under. The last two were Sara and Aster with Glen's body. The door was then closed behind them. The area was lit but only a little bit so power could be conserved. What they saw was a small cadre of Spartan super soldiers and three people, one of whom was a doctor that had the clothing of a doctor. She was the first one that Sara Baxter recognized along with a sitting Spartan with a sniper rifle on his lap. The super soldier felt a small surge of emotion when she saw him.

She spoke at him immediately, "Jun...it's good to see you again." She

turned to the doctor, "Doctor Halsey: mission complete."

\*A/N: And that completes it for this chapter. This quite possibly could be the last chapter of Spartan Still Alive. For further knowledge on what events would happen afterwards look to Halo Wikia on Frederic-104's page in the Fall of Reach section. I know I didn't get things completely correct in the Castle Base section so think of that as some creative liberties I took. I may or may not add to this like I said so use your imagination with what happens around and afterwards. Please read and review, critique any errors you might find, and have a great day/night.

End  
file.